# FREED FURNITURE AND CARPET COMPANY.

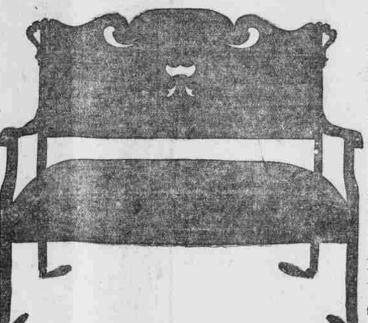
18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 EAST- THIRD SOUTH STREET.



Are you going to buy any Christmas Presents? If you are do not forget a niece piece of furniture is the nicest thing you could buy, as it is something that is always before the receiver to remind them of the giver.

Our stock is larger now than ever in anticipation of the Holiday Trade. We have everything that is needed in a home from cellar to

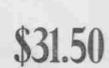
coming of Christ. When she had finished Stater Dot said:
"Very good, Now, how many here wish to make a garment for the Little At first there was no reply, then



If you live out of the city write for our Catalogue and it is yours for the asking. Send for one. It is complete in every detail. We make no charge for packing.

Just received the latest creations in Pictures. Visit our Art room.

We are having this week the Largest Sale of Lace, Silk and Tapestry Curtains ever held in



Five Piece Parlor Suit, Elegantly Finished in Mahogany Frame, Upholstered in Heavy French Velour of Various Colors and designs, was \$45.00, This Week



# GIRLS.

I wish to tell my little nephews and nieces that I will print their dear, deightful little letters to me just as they are written. So, boys and girls, if you love me, don't forget to spell carountain Catholic, Sait Lake City,

Dear Nephews and Nieces: Only last week I was wondering if any of my little people away from here would write, and was delighted to hear from my little Ogden nephews. Such newsy letters, and so much about foot-

What is the matter with my Ogden nicces? And what is the matter with my little folks in all the adjoining States?

AUNT BUSY. Intermountain Catholic.

(Delayed Last Week.) Ogden, Ctah, Nov. 28, 1895.

Dear Aunt Husy: Dear Aunt Busy:
It seems to me as though you are forgetting all about Ogden. The ladles are very busy setting ready to give a big Thanksgiving dinner and supper. big Thanksgiving differ and suppor-Fill be so glad when Thanksgiving is over, for then I'll get a chance to se-mamma once in awhite. She hardly knows whether I'm alive or dead. The boys of St. Joseph's Church have a very mee sockety. They meet every Friday evening. About two weeks ago the la-dies prepared a lunch for us and gave its a grand surprise. The weather here is lovely. I hope it will remain so till the new church is finished. Some more boys here say they will write 10 you-soon and tell you about their games and books.

Your loving nephew, ROBERT ADAMS. Ogden, Utah, Nov. 29, 1899.

Dear Aunt Busy:
I saw in The Intermountain Catholic
a letter about Salt Lake from one of
your negheors, and nothing about Ogden. If you think Ogden is not busy you just come up and see. The ladles are giving a Thanksgiving dinner for the benefit of St. Joseph's new church, and Father Cushnahan is just as busy as I don't know what; I believe I'll say a suffer, and I think nallers are like Aunt Eusey on year busy.

Auni Busy, so very busy.
We send you a picture of the new
St. Joseph's church when finished. STEPHEN KEOGH.

Ogden, Utah, Nov. 29, 1899.

Is this your busy day, or would you like a letter from another boy. May-be you would like to hear from the boys in Oxden. You folks down in Salt Lake think. Ogden is dead, but we are not;

think Ogden is dead, but we are not; we play Rugby every day.

Of course, we get beateh sometimes, but that don't discourage us a bit. Were you ever a boy, and did you play ltugby? If you didn't you missed lots of fun. I go to St. Joseph's school and we have lors of fun. Well, I will write you another letter some other time and tell you about my pets and library. If you ever come to Ogden come and see us and we will show you how to play us and we will show you how to play

Your loving nephew. PERRIN ORCHARD.

Salt Lake City, U.,
Nov. 27, 1899.

Dear Aum Busy:
I thought I would write you a few lines. I have a cat I had her for four ter

ines. I have a cat I had her for four years.

And we have a dog and tame rabites and chickens and ducks.

My birth-day was but a few days ago and I got a little broom and meny whipins I go to school. I am six years old. I love my teacher very dearly. Good-by for this time.

LENA FAFEK.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

TO MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS AND Duticed along its meadows green. Where the busy world we dwell in Things that wiser folks and older Cannot know nor understand. In the woods they meet the fairies, Find the giants in their caves, See the palaces of cloudiand and the mermaids in the waves. Know what all the birdle sing of, Hear the secrets of the flowers, For the Land of Little People is mother world than ours. Once Iwas our's, its ours no longer, For when nursery time is o'er. Through the Land of Little People We may wander never more: But we hear their merry voices And we see them at their play, And we seem as young as they. Roaming over shore and meadow, Talking to the hirds and flowers—For the Land of Little People—Is a fairer world than ours.

The girls that are wanted are good

Good from the heart to the ilps;
Pure as the lily is white and pure.
From its beart to its sweet leaf tipe.
The delist that are wanted are home giris—
Giris that are mother's right hand.
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks, Raady and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls,

The wrath of the household away,

A CHILD'S THOUGHT. A little girl in her far northern home Had ceased her merry play. And mused with thoughful brow Of regions far away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of

## MOTHER'S LOVE.

At first there was no reply, then Maggie said:
"Ts too 'ittle to sew, and I sticks my fingers." At the same time she looked closely at the ends of her fingers as if to find some trace in proof of her having handled a needle.
"I'll make one all of lace," said Mary Hill.
"No that wouldn't do for winter. Mary Hill.

"No, that wouldn't do for winter time." objected Lucy. "Silk or velvet, or somethin of that sort'd be better, with beads and pretty things on it."

Susan had been watching Sister Dot; and saw she looked much amused, so she sald:

"I don't believe Sister means that."

"No, Susan," answered the Sister. "I do not mean a real dress, but my story for this evening will explain my meaning." It is nightfall, the hour most sacred in the home, the time when the mother member of the fireside turns, as the leaves turn toward the sun. From the grown son and daughter to the helpless babe, each comes in for a share of mother's love. The father, weary with the labors of the day, has a sacred corner in her heart. To the mother the hour of reunion is a justrous gen growing more heavilled as the years go hour of reunion is a lustrous gem growing more beautiful as the years go by. To the youth it has often proved a safeguard against evil, and again it has been the one bright spet in life that memory held duar. This is "home, sweet home." Blessed are the parents who can say, at eventide: "We are all here." In a town in old Marviand, there were just such homes. One evening, as the darkness was spreading its mantle over the outer world, a young man was wending his way toward the town. He had left a loved home, where fond parents and loving sisters had done all that love could do for him, hard times pressed them sorely, and he felt his duty of doing something for Mary! and there is not a soot in thee!" At the word story the children drew At the word story the children drew nearer, every face became animated, and some who had been on the point of discussing the proposition were signaled to silence by a companion, who placed her fore finger over her meuch. "Some time ago I asked a certain class of little folks how many wished to make a garment for the Little Infant. When I had explained my meaning, all were eager to begin at once. Each garment was to be made of little sacrifices, and each sacrifice was called a stitch. Every child made choice of some offering. One little girl, for instance, who was very fond of candy, decided to see how little she could eat during. Advent. Every morning when she started to school her had been so faithful to him. He had made up his mind to leave his number, when the started to school her had been so faithful to him. for instance, who was very fond of mamma gave her some pennies to buy andy."

Here Mary Hill interrupted the story mamma gave her some pennies to buy Here Mary Hill interrupted the story by exclaiming:
"Oh! Sister, how could she make a dress of candy"?
"Hush! Leave Sister tell it" whispered Susan. pered Susan.

"The dress was not made of candy, my dear," continued Sister Dot. "Bessie had learned that whatever we do to the poor for love of Christ. He accepts as done to Himself. Next morning I saw Bessie standing on tiptoe to drop some pennies in the box which is placed in the Church to receive offerings for the poor. It is called the poor box sometimes. Have you ever noticed.

The dress was not made of candy, the darkness if, per chance, a ray of light from some window might gleam his path from some window might gleam on. But also he looked in vain as he approached the sound of happy voices and music which fell upon his ear, reminded him of his home. He turned away in sadness. What could he do? Weary, cold and hungry, he must find a shelter somewhere for the night. He he knew there were several bright. A lightle siril in her far northern home
Had ceased her merry play,
And mused with thoughtful brow
Of regions far away.

Her wistful guze had sought the evening sky.

Welcye day's bright hues were dead.
And gathering stars their golden ismps hand hung
To light the world to bed.

"My child." her mother asked, "what makes you has
So very quier and still?

What thoughts are these that spite of toys and play.

Your little spirit fill?"

The thought," she said with wondering awa.

In childish accents froe.

"If heaven's wrong side so lovely is, What must the right side be?

GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good signed.

The girls that are wanted are good signed and signed and starched to my rosary. She cooked very thoughtful for a few me.

Whit is attached to my rosary. She cooked very thoughtful for a few me.

Written for The Intermountain Cathalie.

hold of this medal of the Littie Infant which is attached to my rosary. She looked very thoughtful for a few moments, and then said she would give up her candy for the two weeks which remained of Advent. I encouraged her by telling her that the more generous her offering was, the more Our Savior would show His love for her. From that time no more mention was made of the candy or of the pennies.

"Immediately after Mass on Christmas morthing Bessie came running into my room looking as happy as any little girl could look.

"Merry Christmas, Sister," she said. "I returned her greeting and asked what had brought her in so early. She answered:

"Cause I just couldn't wait no longer to tell you my dress was all right."

though, her offering was pleasing to God."

"Sister, please, what did the other little girls lo?" asked Mary Hill.

"Various resolutions were taken, such as not to be unkind to anyone, to keep strict silence in school, to learn every lesson perfectly, to make a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day when going from school, and other similar things."

"And did all do it?" asked Lucy.
"I am sorry to say all did not," answered the Sister. "Some tried for a few days, but had not enough love for the Little Infant to continue. Others tried different things, each time wanting something easier, and ended by doing very little of anything, but I believe the greater number were faithful. Now, if you choose a practice for the coming Advent, do not tell others what it is, but just do if faithfully, to show our. Divine Lora how much iittle children can love Him, and how much you thank Him for leaving His beautiful throne in Heaven and being born in a cold stable for love of you.

MOTHER'S LOVE. us the hecessary grace, that we may save our souls. Our unfaithfulness, our indolence are,

our untaitifulness, our indolence are, however, so great that we need more help that we can claim, and this increase of grace we can most certainly find in our heavenly Mother. The saints delight in representing Mary as the administratrix of all God's graces. Because she is the Mother of the great family of God, all graces flow through her hands. "See my hysthren," says. her hands. "See, my brethren," says Saint Bernard, "how active, how live-ly, should be our devotion to Mary, since God has filled her with all gifts, so that, if we possess any grace of faith, of hope, or of any other virtue, it has Mary! and there is not a spot in thee!

(Cont. iv. 7.) O. Holy Mary, Moth of God, I firmly believe in your Immaculate Conception; I bless God for having granted you this giorious privilege; I thank Him a thou-sand times for having taught it to me by the infallible voice of the Church. Receive my heart, O Immaculate Virgin, I give it up to you without reserve; purify it, guard it, never give it back to me, preserve it in your love and in he love of Jesus during time and eter-

Praised be the Immaculate Concep-tion of the Blessed Virgin Mary. TO MARY OUR HOPE.

From the Italian of St. Alphonsus, by Thomas Condon.

Fair star of hope, clear shining Mary, thou art my pleasure, My love, my life, my treasure, My rest and peace art thou.

When thee I call in prayer, On thee, O Mary, thinking, Such joy my heart is drinking, I tremble with delight. Should sinful thoughts come ever. My peace of mind assailing. They fly with terror paling, When I thy name invoke.

O'er life's durk, stormy ocean, Star shining ever brightest, The struggling bark thou lightest Of my poor weary soul.

Beneath thy sweet protection, O dearest Lady, ever I wish to live, and never In death from three to part.

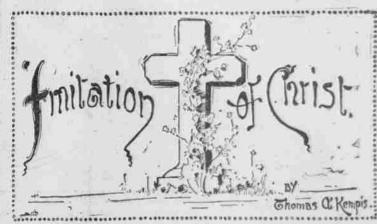
And if I die thus hap'ly
In thy sweet love reposing,
O Mary, at life's closing
The joys of heaven are mine.

And since my heart, O Mary, is thine, not mine, oh take it To Jesus; consecrate it, And keep it evermore.

# THE FIG TREE.

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.) lessly, never dreaming that we shall see our seeds again. Then some day we come to an usiy plant growing the Gospel is the fig tree. Here is a somewhere, and when we ask: What The grist that are wanted are girls of whom fashion can never deceive; when the standard of the series of the seri fig tree that is planted for a definite purpose; that is, to bear figs. It may be an ornament to the landscape, and it may give shade on a stuny day, but its specific purpose is to bear fruit. If it does not do that, it is a failure. There was no possibility of mistaking our Savior's meaning. If a min did not fatfill the purpose for which God piaced.

Mothers teach children to wait on themselves. A very profitable lesson for your children to learn early in life is to be independent enough to wait on. The aged and the young.



## CHAPTER X.

Of avoiding many words. Fly the tumult of the world as much as thous causit; for the treating of worldly affairs is a great hindrance, although it be done with sincere intention.

on. For we are quickly refiled, and en-For we are quickly refiled, and entrailed by vanity.

Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company.

Why do we so willingly speak and talk one with another, when notwithstanding we seldom cease our converse before we have hurt our conscience?

The causes why we so willingly talk, is for that by discoursing one with another, we seek to receive comfort one of another, and desire to ease our mind wearled with many thoughts.

And we very willingly talk and think of those things which we most love or desire; or of those things which we feel to be against us. But alas, oftentimes

desire; or of those things which we feel to be against us. But alas, oftentimes in vain,, and to no end; for this outward and divine consolation. Therefore we must watch and pray, lest our time pass away idly.

If it be lawful and expedient for these to speak, speak those things that may edify.

If every year we would root out one

growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

Yet discourse of opiritual growth, cspecially when persons of one mind and spirit associate together in God. CHAPTER XI.

We also seldom overcome any one ual progress.

SOW AND REAP.

We are not done with life as we live, We shall meet our acts and words and influence again. A man will reap

what he sows, and he himself will be

the reaper. We go on sowing care-

of God. If we no not keep his cand mandments, we do not love Him; and if we love Him not, we believe not in Him—Cardinal Clbbons.
Our thoughts may be like the birds and the butterflies, and people all the air about us with beauty and song; or, like, toads and serpents, loathsome, ugly, venomous.—Cardinal Manning.

TOMORROW, LORD, IS THINE.

Tomorrow, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy soverign mand; And if its sun arise and shine, It shipes by thy command.

The present moment flies, And bears our life away: Oh, make thy servants truly wise, That they may live today.

"One thing," demand our care: Oh, he it still pursued: Lest, slighted once, the season fair, Should never be renewed.

with a fervent desire to grow better every day; and therefore we remain cold and lukewarm. If we were per-fectly intent upon our own hearts, and not entangled with outward things, then should we be able to relish divine

Evil habit and neglect of our own vice, we should sconer

Our fervor and profiting should in-

Of the obtaining of peace.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other man, and with things which appertain nothing to our charge.

How can he abide long in peace, who trusteth himself to the cares of others.

Our fervor and profiting should increase daily; but now it is accounted a great matter if a man can retain but some part of his first zeal.

If we would do but a little violence to ourselves at the beginning, then should we be able to perform all things afterwards with ease and delight.

It is a hard matter to forego that to

trusteth himself to the cares of others, who geeketh occasions abroad, who little or seidom cometh to himself?

Blessed are the single hearted; for they shall enjoy much peace.

Why were some of the Saints so perfect and contemplative? Because they labored to mertify themselves wholly

Why were some of the Saints so perfect and contemplative? Because they labored to mertify themselves wholly to all earthly desires; and therefore they could with their whole heart fix themselves upon God, and be free for holy retirement.

We are too much led by our passions, and too solicitous for the transitory things.

We also saidom exercises any one.

# ONE TREASURED ROOM:

ness just as soon as they are old enough to be taught anything by so do-ing a many needless step will be saved. It seems perfectly natural for the aver-One treasured room in the house wa ing a many needless step will be saved. It seems perfectly natural for the average child to tost down towels, aprons, books and dozens of other articles where they were last used, and then turn them all over a needed article is wanted that cannot be found in its place. Teach the children right from wrong. Teach them that if anything seems wrong to them they are not to do it, no matter if people do say that it is proper, and that if it is right they must go on regardless of what people say. where the children always loved to go.
Where the light of a dear familiar faces
Shines like a sunbsam in the place.
And all the clouds of trouble clear
When we cross the treshold made so
dear—
Of malher's room.

Here the children come with troubles sure, And each day a needs are counted o'er, Here we gather round at night, And harken to tales of deep delight, Or whisper our confidences dear Into one bended, listening car-in mother's room.

Dear, sacred shrine, in this world of sin-Thank God for this place to enter in! When trials come and hopes deceive. And the heart of mee is made to grieve, "Its here we find in this peaceful spot A tender love that falleth not— In mother's room.

#### E. J. H. THE CREATION.

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.) God sucke: it was His word obeyed. The earth and all things else were made, All things we know, all that we see, The grass and every herb and tree.

The birds and insects befine on wings. The beasts and all the crosping thins. The fish that roam the waters blue. The flowers of every shape and how.

God made the rain, the snowy flake. The peaving sea, the placid lake. The rashing torrent and the rill. The waters which the ocean fill.

The massive mountains and the plain, The desert sands, the leafy main, The luscious fruits of every clime, And every music note sublime.

He made the moon, the sun so bright, The countless stars that since at night, The fleesy clouds, the six, the say, The treasures hid from human eye. The silver, all things he owns, the made us too O love divine!
It too, am His, and He is mine.

EMMA J. R.

Sister Generose (Mattingly), who dies recently at Loretta, Ky., was the oldest nun in the United States. At the age of 30 she took the vell saventy-five years ago. She was born in the state in which she died. Last July site celurated her diamond jubiles. Such an accasion had never been observed in this country before, and in honor of it High Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Pope's delegate. Mar. Marthyelli.